

Wynda SkyReacher: Birth of Glory

by DearDarkling

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Summary: "Wynda looked up towards the people of Berk and then back at Hiccup, 'I'd love to ride Toothless,' She whispered to him." Hiccup's First Cousin and close friend Wynda Vortigern is visiting Berk. Although nothing appears wrong, over time something becomes amiss with his first cousin. Why does Wynda yearn so much to fly among the clouds upon a dragon, hiding even the smallest burns.

1. Chapter 1

This was his home.

This was Berk, this was the village located solidly on the meridian of Misery. So were many other villages in the far area. They had the Berserkers, the Wolftags; they even had an all-female warrior clan about four days by ship to the south.

Most importantly however they had a large set of isle right in the middle of all of these villages, and they were more than a little sturdy, they held representatives from each neighbouring village on each isle, and in the middle they harboured the largest clan of all, a clan that was so powerful and massive, legendary even. His father was proud to know this family, as all the other Chieftains were, but his father in particular was proud. Why? Because the leader of this clan, he was not only Hiccup's cousin, but his daughters, the fair Tiernay and Wynda, had both at one point been possible suitors for the boy. Now however Tiernay was being courted by a man who was suiting her fine. Wynda was thus no longer required to find a husband.

What truly made this clan what they were, was their ability to stand tall even in the darkest of hours.

Clan Vortigern were all tall standing, well-built Vikings. Their children, were trained from the tender age of four up to the age of twelve, and from that forth that could decide if they wanted to

continue to fight as a Viking or a shieldmaiden, or they could take on other professions, as not only was this collection of isles one of the largest seaports they had near, but they also had a large trading area that required a lot of young boys. It was the one place where Hiccup didn't feel pressured to be like everybody else.

His favourite area was in the Black Garden Quarter. This was where all the blacksmiths and apothecaries were located, were women, men and children ran around playing with all sorts of things. It was just below the large staircase and walked into the largest towering cylinder mountain on the isle that was the home to the Vortigern. The islands as a whole were all frightfully impressive, but his favourite would always be the balcony that was built into the stone and around the mountain, where one could run to the top on the creaking but sturdy wood. He had a fond memory of them he came here as a small child. No one had commented on his scrawniness, looked at him funny. In fact many had been very kind to him; a woman from the Apothecary corner of the Black Garden quarter had given him a spoon with some honey on for him to lick clean. He'd been lost all day, but interestingly enough at the same time that he sat there with the spoon, having tears wiped from his small face, did he first see his cousin's daughters Tiernay and Wynda. By what he remembers Tiernay had been chasing Wynda who'd run off from their lessons to go to the Black Garden Quarter, and this was where she'd fallen over Hiccup's feet.

Hiccup hadn't reacted at all, but Tiernay had run over and picked up her sister, then turned to scold Hiccup for not looking where he was going, only to realise it was her missing First cousin once removed. Picking Hiccup up and pulling her sister back she, had graced both her parents with her own sister's return and Stoik and Valhallarama with their son's. After this a close knit friendship had formed between the three children. In the end whenever Stoik visited his wife's nephew he'd always take Hiccup with him, just to make sure he wouldn't get hurt by the other villagers while he was away.

Hiccup felt very at home while with Wynda, who at one point while visiting Berk with her father for an annual checkup on the village, had accidentally been carried off by a dragon. Only Hiccup had witnessed this and when he'd tried to tell someone, no one had believed him. So his first major quest in his life was getting back his First cousin once removed, from the dragons. It'd proven more than a little difficult, forcing the younger boy to take on different tactics, mostly which was that of taking a stick and a large shield that he dragged into the woods to use as protection. He'd heard Wynda behind he found her and when he did he'd been surprised to see the dragon encircling her protectively. Now it was a well-known fact Hiccup was not the bravest child, in fact he was terrified of dragons to the extent a stuffed one his mother had made for him made him cry. However this was very different, because he was saving his family. He remembered he'd watched Wynda reaching for the sky like she wanted to fly just like the scaly beasts, he'd almost been jealous of her apparent bravery. The village alarm had gone off a few moments later as that thought passed and he heard many men and women calling out and screaming for the children to come inside. He'd run to the edge of the mountain and seen the dragons attacking his village. At the same time Wynda had noticed her First cousin once removed and ran over to him pulling him over to look at the dragons with her. Together they sat there in total silence simply looking at the bright sky that turned into a light shade of pink by the evening. They were

found hours and hours later by Stoik and Gabber, sleeping sound in each other's coats. No one except Wynda knew that he'd been telling the truth that day about her being carried off by dragons, no one needed to know either, because for them it was their own little adventure.

After that, Hiccup had rarely seen Wynda. She'd been put to both classes as a lady and as a Viking. At the Treaty of Thirty Vikings or the Overlord Treaty as everyone called it, he'd seen her standing pretty next to her sister and mother. She'd hadn't looked at him or spoken to him afterwards. Hiccup missed Wynda a lot, but that feeling of missing her would be gone soon.

It had been announced almost a year after they had ended the war with the dragons that Wynda of Clan Vortigern would be staying on Berk. This was the day that Wynda would be visiting them, and Hiccup couldn't be happier, he'd washed his face, groomed his hair, washed his clothes and shined his armour. He'd taken Toothless out flying early so that he wouldn't be restless for when Wynda arrived.

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><p>'Hold yer horses, boy!' His father called after him as he ran out the door. Hiccup turned around and looked at his father, his helmet hanging askew off his head. Stoik only had to point at his foot for him to realise he'd left his boot inside. Giving his father a sheepish grin he pulled his boot onto his one healthy foot and stared at his father, 'How long is Wynda staying? Will she be sleeping in our house? Or someone elses? Can I take her flying on Toothless? You know how she is about the sky and dragons!' His questions came out in one giant wave and his father let out a heavy breath sitting down to fix his belt. 'Sonâ€| Wynda isn't the same as you remember. She is a lady of the Vortigern clan, raised to be graceful, regalâ€| She-' Hiccup wasn't listening as he looked at the open door waiting to see the Vortigern ship on the horizon. 'Dadâ€| Wynda will never stop being Wynda.' He whispered softly, a smiling on his lips indicating he missed his first cousin once removed.<p>

Stoik shook his head softly and looked at Toothless. 'Anyway, to answer yer other questions, Our Lady Wynda will be staying for an unknown number of days due to complications at the Isle of Var. She'll be staying in your bed which means you and I have to share a bed for the stay. As for flying with Toothless, that is up to her escort to decide, not us. Now, let's see if Berk is ready to receive this gracious visit. It's not every day Viking Royalty visits Berkâ€|' Hiccup had nothing to say to that, but it was very true. The Vortigern clan was Royalty to the Vikings, mostly because they had collected thirty fighting villages together underneath them, making them a large functioning armada and a fight force worth any other collection. Although the Vortigern Clan leader, and his uncle from his mother's side, Aidan never admitted it, many saw them not only as their peacekeepers, but also their leader in times of war, famine and disease.

'Why aren't Uncle Aiden and Aunt Karoline coming or Cousin Berg and Cousin Hildaâ€|? I find it odd even that Tiernay isn't coming either. Usually they all travel together. Is there something wrong in Isle of Var?' Although unnatural for a Viking, Hiccup was a very curious boy, to the extent that he remembered details about when the Vortigern had visited other times, sometimes bringing entire armadas of people

simply to trade with the inhabitants of Berk. This time however it was simply Wynda, orâ€œ as the letter had address, Your Lady Wynda of Vortigern. The name hadn't rolled off his tongue properly and he'd grimaced as his father had announced it to the village.

'I can't tell you why son, that is up to Our lady- oh bastard pompas writers. That's up to Wynda to tell you. Now, let's get outside we need to make sure everyone is wearing their finest, we don't want to offend a Vortigern.'

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><p>Hiccup nodded softly and followed his father out of their home that overlooked the village. Toothless followed them both as they walked down the path towards the village centre. People were walking around in clean dressing, done up hair and washed faces. The men had shined their armour and weapons, keeping them sheathed as a sign of respect. The women wore dresses without (at least to the naked eye) weapons and their hair down. Some of the younger teenage girls had flowers in their hair. Looking through the crowd, Hiccup smiled as he spotted Astrid in a lovely light blue dress. Running down to his friends his smile vanished briefly as his leg throbbed with pain. The pain disappeared however and he stopped running as he reached the other Dragonriders. 'You guys will love Wynda, she's amazing. If you had only known the crazy things we did when we were younger. Once when we visited her for a small dispute between us and another island and the minute I stepped off that boat she'd grabbed hold of me and dragged me to an underwater cave she found, needless to say Dad was furious since at the time I couldn't swim, but neither he nor her father could be angry at her since I was hurt and we were both happy with our discoveries, which now that I look at them weren't seashells but pretty shining rocks.' His friends smiled at his rambling and Astrid hit his arm softly, 'I'm glad to know you weren't completely alone.' Suddenly a horn rang out and a boat came to view. Hiccup grabbed Astrid's arm and pulled her with him down to the dock where He, his father and Spitelout and Snotlout had to greet her. Hiccup was almost bouncing at the prospect of seeing his First cousin once removed.</p>

The ship docked slowly and a man dressed up nicely stepped up to the ramp. 'Announcing the Maiden of the herbs, Princess to the people and Second Granddaughter and daughter of Overlord Aidan and High Chieftain Berg, our Lady Wynda Caointiorn Vortigern.' He stepped aside, and there stood a beautifully dressed girl with bright blue eyes and long scarlet hair. The sun shone towards it making it appear as if it was golden. Astrid felt her mouth drop open slightly and she turned to Hiccup who was looking at her. He smiled and took her hand softly before stepping forward to bow to Wynda who was walking down the ramp. Astrid admitted that the girl through her off slightly. Her dress did not make her appear as a Viking. She lookedâ€œ regal, like they all imagined her to be. Her eyes were soft, a kind smile perched upon her lips. She took in every detail of her attire. It was a strange sort of dress, long at the back and short at the front. Under the dress were baggy trousers that were wrapped tightly to her legs by leather straps. Her feet were covered in inverted hide so that the fur was the inside of the boots. The colour of the dress was a light green colour; the trousers were a darker shade. On her waistline was a belt that was slightly lopsided with several pouches clutching to it. She peered up into her face again and caught her looking at her. Astrid blushed deeply and backed up slightly.

'It is an honour to be on the Isle of Dragon Riders. I would also like to state the honour of knowing that my First Cousin, Hiccup, is the Dragontamer of Berk. It is I who should be bowing to you.' Many began to whisper as the girl let those words past her lips and Astrid looked at Hiccup who was blushing. Before anyone had time to react, Hiccup was on the floor laughing along with Wynda who'd hugged him so quickly he'd lost his balance. The man who'd announced her gave her a gaping expression, 'My lady! Get up from there! You are of regal status you cannot roll around in the dirt like a normal child!'

What Wynda said next surprised many people, but not Hiccup.

'My family is my family, Hiccup and I share so many memories I believe I may do whatever I want with him, but please try to delegate my time whilst I share many more memories with my wonderful cousin and his betrothed.' While saying this she rose to her feet and helped Hiccup up as well, but the minute betrothed was mentioned he almost fell down again and Astrid caught him. 'Betrothed? Sorry Wynda but I'm not getting married to anyone.' He coughed looking at his First cousin from under the helmet he was wearing.

Wynda looked at him, 'Then who is this girl whom you are holding onto so dearly?' she teased lightly. Astrid and Hiccup blushed as Wynda moved on to Greet both Stoik and Hiccup's uncle and Cousin.

'It's love to see you again, dear, how is everything back home?' Spitelout said fondly, as he shook the small hand of the regal girl. Wynda shook her head, 'Not good I'm afraid, but I'm not here to talk about that. I heard a while ago that you tamed dragons, and decided that not only do I want to witness this, but I would like, if not too much trouble to either of you of cause, to ride one; just to get a little bit closer to the Sky.' Hiccup smiled, 'I thought you want to ride a dragon, If you want we can prepare one for you or you can ride Toothless.' Wynda looked up towards the people of Berk and then back at Hiccup, 'I'd love to ride Toothless,' She whispered to him.

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><p>The two teenagers shared a smile and a look that no one could understand and Hiccup led his First cousin up the rap to their village, all the while they were laughing and talking. Astrid and the other teens looked at them, almost unable to believe they could be so close. Gobber stopped next to them and smiled, 'Ye all clean up very nicely. Now just in case you're wondering, she isn't a stuck up regal gal with lots of money. She and Hiccup spent so much time together I almost believed she'd end up growing up and marrying the boy. Actually it was discussed that they should marry, but when Hiccup and Wynda overheard it they both firmly said no, they were family and family shouldn't marry. Valhallarama was still alive then, I think Hiccup finds Wynda a comfort to him sinceâ€¦ you know.' The kids nodded and began to walk back to their homes ready to change out of their dresses and shined armour.</p>

They had to be clean for tonight's feast.

2. Chapter 2

The doors to the Great Hall were open, letting to cool sea breeze

into the festive area. Many were singing and dancing loudly, others where in corners chatting. At the head of the table one could quite easily see Wynda talking to Astrid and Astrid's mother. The three women had stuck together all night after Hiccup had got pulled into a fight started by the boys of the tribe. Men had joined in and it'd become the very imagery of a Viking feast. They had all heard Wynda laughing loudly as she witnessed this, much to their joy. Wynda was a Viking born and bred, although raised high to see down upon many of them, she flew just as high as many of their souls. Wynda was raised regal, but bred to be a warrior and thus loved what was the real people of Berk and not the beautiful shined up ones. Astrid had got to know this simply by watching her talk.

Wynda drank mead and beer, Wynda could use a sword and an axe, Wynda was a capable tactician, Wynda was what Hiccup was; A hiccup in the genepool.

* * *

><p>'Everyone! Everyone please quiet down for a moment!' Stoik suddenly said, standing on the table. He reached his hand out for Wynda's and she took it gracefully. Stepping onto the table herself, her dress stained softly with wine, making her escort slid to the floor. 'Vikings of Berk; I have not been here long, but I feel the need to already thank you for being genuine around me. I know it cannot be easy as my father has this tendency to be quite protective. I assure you that should I receive harm on this island, which will most likely happen due to myâ€¢ careless nature.-' She stopped at this and looked at the expectant bushy faces, her smile lit up once more as the flow of her firey hair expanded. Many gasped as they saw her throw it lose from its bindings, '-Due to my careless nature, I am more than likely to get a few scratches and burns, maybe even a serious cut. Treat me like a Hairy Hooligan, because if you all treat me with a silk pillow and sugar simply because my father is my father, I will be cross.' Her eyes turned fierce as she looked at them all. Worried eyes spread the hall like wildfire, making the Regal girl let out a small chuckle. 'I am not here to be pampered, I am here because the Vortigern-family is having a difficult time. I am now sharing this with you so that you know the situation you are face. It would seem that my father impregnated a servant girl. That same servant girl is saying that I am her child, that when I was born, my mother bore the same child, of the same gender, hair and eyes. She is claiming that as she nursed my mother through a difficult birth, she realised that the child was not breathing when it broke out of her womb. She herself was almost giving birth, but said nothing. When my mother was put to rest she wisped the child away, claiming the Queen had told her to keep the child warm while she rested. This servant then proceeded to get rid of the Queen's child, gave birth to her own, cleaned her up and placed her in the High Lady's crib. She later became ill with the fever, and when questioned about it at that time, she claimed her child had died at birth and that she had to get rid of it and tend to the High Lady's baby.' Many were whispering at this point, and Stoik held a stern face as Hiccup walked forward slowly. He'd heard from traders that there was something going on with the Vortigern family, but he thought simply that someone had tripped up one of the daughter's again.</p>

There was a pained look in Wynda's eyes. 'I am in danger of losing my home, my place and my name. I have come here, to Berk, because I

believe that due to my relation to Chieftain Stoik the Vast and Hiccup the Useful that I may be safe from those who wish to rid of the fake Heiress of Vortigern. I am banished from my home, and thus have arrived here to plead for your help in my safety. Not as a Vortigern, but as Wynda.' She finally said, tears slipping down her face as she whispered these last words. Many had gasped as they saw the tears slip down her face. It was now that Stoik and Hiccup rose up, Astrid and her mother taking Wynda down from the table and out of sight.

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><p>'You have heard the story.' Stoik started, looking at the crowd below him, 'Now it is up to you to decide how you treat her. Wynda was honest with me in her letter, stating that she longer felt safe in her home. I offered her our home until this mess was sorted. Her parents' problems should not become hers. I hope you all feel the same way, and will treat her as one of the Tribe.' Hiccup stood next to his father, his eyes trying hard to hold back the sadness he was feeling. If he'd only known about Wynda's problems with her family, he could've helped or talked to her. He understood now though, he turned his head and looked at where Wynda was sitting with Astrid on the bench.</p>

He didn't walk over to them; instead he stepped down onto the stone floor and walked over to the teenagers that he knew. They were all silent as they'd listened dutifully to their leader. As Hiccup approached that seemed a bit uneasy, 'What's wrong?' He queried, looking at them all. They were silent. It was Fishlegs who began the feelings of distress in the young Heir, 'We need to talk.' It was a dreadful feeling. When your stomach plummets to the ground; those seconds where you remember all the wrong you've ever done. Except this time, Fishlegs' eyes were directed not only at him but at his father as well. 'What do you want to talk about?' Hiccup questioned softly. He wasn't sure if he could listen to Fishlegs. It was always hard listened to the slightly more intelligent Viking when he'd done something wrong. 'It's about your First Cousin, Wynda. We think, or I think, she might be dangerous to the Dragons. I've heard stories that Wynda Vortigern has an insane obsession with flight. What if she tries to steal a dragon, or maybe even harm one because they can fly and she can't?' Hiccup couldn't believe what he was hearing. His anger was evident as he stared at the teen. 'How dare you insult the Chieftain's niece?' He growled. This is severely out of his character. Fishlegs realised he'd done more than set on a toe and he stopped up putting his chubby arms in front of him, 'I'm sorry! I'm sorry Please forgive me, Hiccup!'

The Dragontamer had nothing to say. He'd felt personally insulted by what Fishlegs had said. Wynda hurting a Dragon? Ridicules! When she'd heard about him taming dragons she'd been the first to send a letter telling him to keep going, that she wanted to ride one. 'At ease.' He hissed, turning on his heel and walking away briskly to join his father once more at the head table. Wynda was back there, smiling with the others. Her eyes were slightly swollen but he knew better than to comment on it. Sitting down next to her, she pulled her away from her own conversation and put his hand on hers. Once again they were in deep conversation with each other in another world. Their eye-contact was flawless; their common grounds was remarkable. As the Vikings of Berk watched this, they all understood why they were almost married. Astrid on the other hand, felt a twinge of jealousy.

In the corner of her eye, she saw Fishlegs being comforted by the others who were giving Hiccup nasty looks. Their Heir however was seemingly ignoring them as he raised his cup and bumped it together with a couple other Vikings who'd suggested a drinking contest.

Wynda cheered him on.

* * *

><p>The night continued. The festive evening crawled close to dawn. It was about four hours until sunrise when everyone finally began crawling towards their homes. Hiccup and Wynda had stayed a little behind to talk about Dragons, but eventually they too had left. The Chieftain's home was cool when they entered, and Toothless ran over to Hiccup as he entered.</p>

'Hey bud! I'm sorry I didn't spend time with you today!' He said, giving his dragon a lot of fuss and affection. Wynda watched quietly as her eyes wondered around the dragon. 'What happened to his tail?' she asked kindly, stepping closer to the Night Fury. Toothless growled at her, but she didn't stop. Instead she went down onto her knees and held her hand out. 'He's feisty. Just like you.' Fond eyes peered up at him and Hiccup looked to the side sheepishly. 'We have to stop with this you know. Once people catch onto it they'll be furious andâ€¦ feel betrayed.' Wynda nodded softly and took her First Cousin's hand in a tight grip. 'Hiccup, our bond lies beyond what my father comprehends. We cannot wed due to us being family; we shan't love like a Husband and Wife because we don't wish to; we doâ€¦ act like family, we act like husband and wife, but our feelings lie in the want for a freedom we can't have. This is not love, my dear Cousin.' She lent close to his ear and licked it slowly, making the Dragontrainer shiver. 'It's a game!' She squealed loudly, making Hiccup let out a small wail.

She laughed and ran up the stairs, quickly followed by her First Cousin. Their game was simple; whoever made the other shiver first when they visited lost and had to share a bed with the other for the rest of the stay. Hiccup and Wynda had no problem with this, as they were as close as one could consider blood siblings. Born on the same day only a year apart, they held a dear relationship of being the hiccup of the generation. As they lay back to back in Hiccup's bed, using each other as warmth; Toothless came up the stairs and slowly and carefully crawled onto the bed as well, occupying a good space at the bottom of it. He put his wings neatly by his side, and his tail safe and tucked up too, before closing his eyes and falling asleep next to his master and his master's gem.

* * *

><p>There were such things as too dark.</p>

Too dark meant that there was a little light out of your reach that suddenly became dimmer and dimmer. Hope became scares; wonder vanished like the feeling in your fingers when the snow came in. Memories and dreams became nothing. There was that moment when that happened. You were never awake when it did though, because it was in a dream. Wynda had witnessed the result of this many times within the walls of her home. Many people had gone through this process alone, without anyone to hold them as the hand that clasped them down

without true motive, coiled around their brain. Wynda had witnessed the madness.

Madness wasn't something that would appear like a ghost and vanish. It stayed in everyone's minds, festering upon their fear. When Wynda had seen the man go mad, it'd be the man who'd trained her and her sister in fighting since the day she could grip her father's finger. He'd taught her to walk and fight, horseback fighting, quickly stabbing and running. He'd given her permission to poison her blade as it was important that she never got hurt. He had been the person to raise her to be strong. He'd fallen ill one winter with the fever, but recovered the minute he was taken in by the royal apothecaries and healed. What had happened was months later, in the months of summer. He'd entered his wife's room and tried to kill her claiming it was what Loki had told him to do, that his wife was sacrifice for his health. He'd been restrained and Wynda had entered his last room and watched him befall to the madness. Fear had taken his grip after surviving the fever; it'd left him with the lingering thought of What ifâ€¦

She was informed months later that he'd jumped out the window, and the guards had discovered him, scraped him off the grounds and thrown him into the pigsty. Her mother had called this disgusting and dreadful, even going as far as the throw her bowl at their father he'd authorised this. Her sister had coped better than Wynda had, telling her parents she no longer wanted to be a Shieldmaiden or a warrior and instead found interest in a women's duty around the home. Both parents had taken this as a sign of good will. Wynda had been left more scarred. A growing fear of the earth below her feet had manifested into her brain. The sky became her will and want.

Wynda stared into the starry sky that hung over her First cousin's home. They reflected perfectly into her bright blue eyes. Lifting her hand, she tried to grasp the shining dots above her head. A yearning, lingering feeling overcame her and she put her feet on the wooden floor and walked outside. The wind blew against her face. Her red hair shifted softly, blowing across the back of her neck and lower shoulder bones. It was calm, quiet; quite different to the bustle of the inner courtyards of the Isles of Var. The islands that never slept even though you could see no light on the other islands around the main one, she knew that there was always someone awake, someone working, someone trading or simply staring. On the balcony of her room, she witnessed many things. Theft, murder, and ships coming and going, she witnessed the arrival of her sister's fiancÃ©; she witnessed the removal of those who'd died of the plague. Wynda saw everything from her balcony, from her sky home. She'd often found herself staring up at the skies or clouds long until dawn, waiting for the glimpse of light.

They shone brightly out here on the lesser islands. She loved it. Wynda's eyes followed the stones that were put down as a path. Slowly, even though still in her nightgown, she descended with her feet touching the cold ground. The trees whistled as she went closer and closer to the exit of the village, the leaves rustled, and somewhere in the distance she heard the roar of a dragon.

The child smiled as she became her walk up towards the mountain, her hand lifting above her head to catch the wind through her fingers. She let out a breath, and ran.

End
file.